To Mrs. Frühling.

In a lovely little canyon
  Near a lake so blue and clear,
Stands a little one roomed school house,
  Which to me seems very dear.

For it sheltered all my children
  In the happy days of yore,
As they solved the knotty problems
  They had never met before.

Problems which their faithful teacher
  Helped them solve with patience rare,
Always thinking of their future,
  Giving them the best of care.

Filling them with inspiration
  For a life of noble deeds,
As they travel o'er lifes highways,
  Where the path of duty leads.

Give her then this little token
  Of your love and friendship true,
Knowing you can ne'er repay her
  For her faithfulness to you.

Mrs. L. S. Edwards.